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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, AUGUST 19, 1914.

BE FAIR AND CONSIDERATE.

Pres. Wilson has appealed to his fellow citizens to be prudent and considerate in their comments on the war now raging in Europe. He urges them to use their discretion and influence to preserve the neutrality of the United States and to avoid bitterness and resentment.

The president's fellow citizens are representatives of all nations. They were born in or trace their lineage to Germany, France, the British possessions, Belgium, Austria, Serbia, Russia, Italy, Greece and all the other countries of Europe. Their sympathies naturally lie in the direction of their origin, their family ties bind their interest to the fatherland. Great diversity of sentiment inevitably exists, and it is to subdue and control this that the president has appealed to his fellow Americans.

The government has assumed a neutral position, and it is very important for the welfare of this country and to the interests of those embroiled in war that this state of neutrality be maintained. The United States is one of the great granaries of the world from which all may draw supplies during the period of disturbance when production ceases in their own territory. The United States has no object to accomplish by war. Its attitude and its intentions toward all other nations is peaceful.

But a government is largely, or entirely, what the governed make it. However advantageous it will be for the United States to remain neutral, preserve the peaceful condition of the people and profit by the opportunity to serve the world, the people can and will defeat that purpose, or contribute to its defeat, by openly manifesting their sympathy with one side or the other in the bitter struggle now in progress.

The dominating sentiment of cosmopolitan America should be to deplore the occasion that has plunged Europe into war, to be fair with the combatants, to refrain from public expressions of bitterness and partisanship and to hope for an early termination of hostilities. This is a defensive as well as a friendly policy and no intelligent citizen can question its wisdom.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

It is gratifying to note that the oppressed people of Russia, the Jews and the Poles, are likely to be relieved of some of their burdens as an incident of war. It is announced that the former have been granted civil and political rights heretofore denied them, and that the latter are to have home rule.

What these concessions mean to the people of Poland and to the Jewish residents of Russia can hardly be comprehended here, where every citizen has civil and political rights and where every state has home rule. No people have been more sorely oppressed and persecuted than the Poles and in no country have the Jews been denied so much that is dear to every man. The one has been the prey of politics, the other of greed.

The incident confirms the statement that there can be no great evil without some good. The best thing that can happen to the world is the spread of liberty and the extension of rights. The Jews and the Poles in Russia, the Irish in Great Britain and the Slavs in central Europe have been waiting for some such political convulsion as that which is now shaking Europe to relieve them and give them the rights and liberties to which as citizens of the world they are entitled.

Russia throws these civil prizes at the feet of its oppressed subjects as a bribe for their loyalty, in a crisis where much is at stake. Russia needs the friendship and aid of these peoples on whose necks she has long held her foot. She feels that in view of the treatment they have received some inducement must be offered them. How different with the Irish people, who have forgotten their internal troubles and united to fight for the British flag.

The Irish needed no bribe. They would spurn it. Any attempt to coerce them would have met with resistance. Voluntarily they have come forward to tender their services. The only thing that can be given them is the reward they deserve, the right and the privilege of conducting their home rule.

A DATE WITH OPPORTUNITY.

Is there anything that the common man in this country can do to help take the edge off the tremendous war?

Yes, indeed. He can keep cool about it—cool and sane.

Whatever his personal bias, he can recall—we can all recall—that the mutts over there, the mutts who must suffer, are folks just like ourselves.

The very fact that so many of them are foolish enough to let hereditary overlord order them to slay each other and by so doing to put in peril the hard-won victories of long ages

of civilization makes it all the more necessary that we should take an extra brace to do our best here.

We did not seek the chance to profit from Europe's folly, but that is no reason why we should run away from it.

While Europeans are murdering each other like maniacs we can go after the business they are thus deserting in Asia and South America and by a grand rush gain the leadership during generations to come.

Can we common mutts do this?

You bet we can. We can do our share.

Our share will be to work just a little harder and faster and at the same time try to get a larger share of what we produce. The big fellows cannot do it without us and now is the time to make them understand that, if new fields of trade are to be conquered, they must give as well as take.

The mutts over there haven't had sense enough to stand up for their rights. That's why they're killing each other off in a quarrel they know little about.

We don't have to be so stupid here; we can demand a voice and a part in the gains which their foolishness makes possible.

Opportunity knocks loudly at Uncle Sam's gate.

Go to it, everybody! Make it pass its benefits around.

FOR PERMANENT PEACE.

An English writer, Ashmeade Bartlett, says permanent peace is the goal sought by his country and France in the war now in progress, and can see that accomplished only through the subjugation of Germany. Thus the burden of responsibility for the peace of Europe, or rather its disturbance, is placed upon the Kaiser.

The idea is by no means new. It antedates the present situation by at least forty years, and perhaps it is longer than that that Germany has been the menace of the peace of Europe. Since the Napoleonic period it cannot be said that France has been the aggressor or has been desirous of acquiring territory, except the recovery of her own, wrested from her by Germany. England has no designs on continental soil. So far as British aggressiveness is concerned Europe would live in peace all its days. As much may not be said of Russia. The Muscovite motive is regarded as sinister, but if other European nations unanimously looked to peace as their goal Russia could be curbed and eventually taught to be content with what she has.

If permanent peace in Europe can be secured by crushing Germany and pushing her back within her own natural confines the opportunity, made by Germany herself, seems to be at hand. The most powerful nations of Europe and the orient are arrayed against her. If these allied forces cannot bring Germany to terms now it never can be done, or is not likely to be done in the future, and European peace will remain in a state of jeopardy.

Presumably Great Britain, France and Russia are alive to their opportunity and will press the advantage of numbers and position to reduce Germany to a peace basis of such permanency as may be secured through the levying of indemnities and the enforcement of guarantees. Lord Kitchener urges the mobilization of a British army of 500,000 men. He is conscious of the opportunity and its requirements and of the part Great Britain must perform in bringing a great and warlike nation to its senses.

"Germany has the men, but comparatively little money, France has the money, but comparatively few men. Great Britain and Russia have both men and money. It is a simple proposition in its details, but a formidable one in its difficulties.

SHE WILL TAKE THE CHANCE.

"I would ride with any man, whether I know him or not," said a working girl, whose labor is heavy and whose pleasures are few. She would take the chances for the sake of the ride.

A ride is a diversion much more rare with the many than with the few. It is a pleasure which all covet, many hunger for and few enjoy. "Give me a ride" is a familiar juvenile petition. A boy or girl will work hard for a ride by pushing a toy wagon or glider when they might walk or run with greater ease.

Should we be surprised, though shocked, that a young girl with little in her life but hard work and deprivation should declare that she would ride with any man, whether she knew him or not?

Whether they work for a living or are dependent upon their parents for support girls are fundamentally the same. They are innately good, but their youthful spirits demand an outlet other than through the channels of work. They are impelled to go, to see, to seek change. To their

young eyes the new found world is a kaleidoscope and they want to see all the rainbow colors it radiates.

Danger lies in the path, but they do not heed it. They do not understand, they cannot comprehend that their fellow beings lurk like beasts in the shadow to devour them. They think all hearts are like their own, full of gladness and love of the sunshine and flowers of life, and harm is farthest from their thoughts until it confronts them.

This is a phase of human nature society is trying to meet and provide for with associations for girls, with safe enjoyments which will satisfy their natural craving for excitement and entertainment, but the progress made is slow compared with the automobile and motorcycle driven by the designing man.

It was significant that a merchant ship was the first to pass through the Panama canal. A warship first would have been a bad omen to our superstitious minds.

A bargain sale in Chicago resulted in a riot among 5,000 women. Nothing short of a bargain sale could so perturb the gentle natures of women.

Carranza says it isn't necessary for Villa to enter Mexico City, but we haven't heard what Villa said. Perhaps we couldn't print it if we had.

Rarely is a doubt expressed that Pres. Wilson will safely guide the American ship of state through the troubled seas which surround her.

And yet those refugees wouldn't have missed the opportunity to tell the story to their wondering and admiring friends for anything.

What amazes us is that in the face of war in Europe the prices of wheat and flour are tumbling. Is there a moral awakening at work?

Of course the old U. S. A. looks good to returning tourists. Sometimes it is necessary to get away from home to appreciate it.

Franz Joseph is 81. He is old enough to know better or too old to know when he is well off, and we don't know which.

The Wright tragedy might better be forgotten, if that were possible. But it is upon such meat that our morbid natures feed.

If the weather bureau had realized how easy it is to bring rain perhaps it wouldn't have kept us dry for two months.

If Canada declares a moratorium it will keep a good many of our excursionists and a lot of our products at home.

But, of course, the site of the old Methodist church will be there if the county should ever want it.

No people are more anxious for universal peace than the managers of the Panama exposition.

We have become so accustomed to suspecting Japan that it is hard to get rid of the habit.

If anybody has been missed in passing the ultimatums please speak up.

Statesmen Real and Near.

By Fred C. Kelly

In the entire country there are less than 15 men who can turn out the five and 10-cent literature commonly known as nickel libraries and dime novels.

The moving pictures doubtless have greatly decreased the demand for these inexpensive brands of thrills, but even at that there are scarcely enough men trained to turn out the "Old Sleuth" and "Nick Carter" variety of reading matter to keep up the supply that is still required. Regardless of how much the movies encroach, the publishers of dime novels say there will always be a considerable demand for their goods. And only about one-fourth of this demand, by the way, is from messenger boys and others of that age; the other three-fourths of the demand is from freight brakemen, plumbers' assistants, paperhangers and other grown men who work hard all day and like to read something light and diverting at night. And certainly it is no more surprising that they should wish to be put to sleep over a paper-backed "library" than that James R. Mann, the brainy republican floor leader of the house of representatives, should consume, as does each night, a \$1.20 novel of the frothy, "popular" type.

Nearly all the producers of the nickel thriller literature are former newspaper men—men who have "one police" and stored away enough adventures from real life that have come under their observation to last them for years and years.

One of the most ingenious, as well as the most diligent of the inventors of hair raising plots, has been Fred Marmaduke Van Rensselaer Dey—the same being his sure enough name—who has been concocting the "Nick Carter" weeklies for a great many years. Two or three times in recent years he has been obliged to take a rest cure. And no wonder! The Nick Carter stories run about 30,000 words apiece, and Dey has been writing one a week year in and year out! Furthermore, he has been known to write three stories in a single week to provide a precautionary supply ahead, that the followers of the career of Nick Carter may not seek their weekly adventure in vain if the creator should fall ill or go on a vacation.

This means that Dey can turn out, if need be, 15,000 words a day of thrilling adventure, or an equivalent of about 15 newspaper columns. When one pauses to think that for a newspaper reporter, working 12 or 14 hours a day, as many reporters are obliged to do, 2,500 words is considered a good day's work—in fact, above the average—and that Win-

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

SIX MONTHS WITH POETS AND PHILOSOPHERS.

The alarms of war let us forget, for the time being, the slope; As the crickets shrill in the dusk so still,

As the waters dream by the silent mill,

And a whisper comes from the moonlit hill:

This is a whole world's hope! —STEPHEN CHALMERS.

Is happiness anything more than a conventional fiction? The deepest reason for my state of doubt is that the supreme end and aim of life seems to me a mere lure and deception. The individual is an eternal dupe, who never obtains what he seeks, and who is forever deceived by hope. My instinct is in harmony with the pessimism of Buddha and Schopenhauer.—Amiel.

JIM BAILEY'S COW CAME BACK.

Jim Bailey, "sir," and I are done, So cures on his cow;

He called me up 2-4-0-1, And wanted me to vow

To prosecute, with might and main, The man that would allow,

To slander in such tone his Jane, Which signifies his cow.

So I agreed, what could I do? When old Jim had explained;

But just between myself and you, I haven't been retained,

Except by what Jim Bailey said, Which don't appeal some how;

Because it won't buy me my bread, So darn him and his cow.

So being that I'm off of Jim, And your case seems forlorn,

I'll say the cow that belongs to him Has only got one horn.

So you just fight it out, old boss, And beat him if you can;

Remember that his cow is boss, And he's a stingy man.

You show him up and fine him, too, He hasn't got a pull,

Just kill the cow that annoys you, And I will shoot the bull.

L. C. N.

ston Churchill considers a 50,000-word novel a year all that a novelist should be expected to do well, and that more things happen in a Nick Carter story than in the average novel—when you consider all these things, it should be apparent to all that the creator of Nick Carter is not a person to fritter away his time.

Dey was born near Watkins Glen, N. Y., went to Cornell and was admitted to the bar in New Hampshire. He also became a colonel on the staff of the governor of New Hampshire. Then he worked into the newspaper business and got to be known as an expert in the invention of Sunday "feature" stories.

In his quest for material Dey reads all the police news in the New York papers, pastes out clippings in his "suggestion book," runs through all the new detective stories as rapidly as they come from the press, and he knows Gaboriau by heart. Then he has a way of engaging people in conversation and "shaking them down" for good stories without their knowing it. Many of these stories are framed up and worked into "Nick Carter."

It is said that there are one or two episodes in Dey's own life that he has utilized for blood-chilling material. When he writes, Dey uses a typewriter, but in recent years he has dropped into the habit of dictating his stuff to a relay of stenographers. He'll dictate to one while another is transcribing.

Nick Carter has been rounding up malefactors for about 25 years. Not quite all of this long series, however, has been produced by Dey himself. A few of the stories have been done by occasional contributors, and a great many of the earlier exploits were the inventions of John D. Corvett, who lived near New York city, or did the last time I heard of him.

Corvett, however, has another claim to a three-sheet poster in the hall of fame. He is supposed to be the man who wrote the "Clay books." Consider the versatility of a man who can write thrillers that will make young men fear to go to bed at night, and at the same time be the favorite author of a series of thousands of gum-chewing young women.

Bertha M. Clay isn't and never was. The Bertha M. Clay books were written originally by an Englishwoman, Charlotte M. Braeme. The American publishers used that name for a number of years, and then substituted the name, Bertha M. Clay, though the books were still written by Charlotte Braeme. Later on, so the story goes, when the American publishing house no longer had the rights to the British woman's material, they had a name just as permanent as a soap, and the series has continued without interruption, backed up by the imaginative genius of a capable heart-throbber of male gender.

Then there is the series of adventures by "Old Sleuth," compiler of "Nick Carter," who defies death weekly in the pursuit of desperate evil-doers for a rival publishing house.

The original "Old Sleuth" was Harlan Page Halsey, who prior to his death a few years ago, was by Mayor Low's appointment, a member of the Brooklyn board of education. At the time of a crusade against the yellow-back novel Halsey once defended his work thus:

"There is not a single word in any story that I have written that could be objected to by the most rigid moralist. All my stories have had a good moral precept to teach, and I will venture to say, out of the mass of matter that I have turned out, a thick volume of 'moral suasion' could be extracted. The trouble lies in the fact that a few bad writers have come into the ranks of cheap literature and because of their misleading work a blanket judgment is thrown over us all. The objections are always made by those who have not read the works, but who get their ideas from the comic papers."

Two "Old Sleuths" have tracked erring humans since Halsey's death. The man who has been "Old Sleuth" most of the time since then also writes boys' books for a conservative publishing house. They are the sort of books that Sunday school teachers give out as prizes to those earnest young pupils who know the golden text 30 consecutive Sundays. And the conservative publisher would be considerably astonished if he knew that the mild look-

OUR creditors are advised that we have declared a moratorium taking effect this date, and that until further notice, as in the past, we will consult our convenience about paying our bills. An extraordinary condition exists which we deem ample justification for this course, but circumstances forbid a statement at this time.

MILITARY men are as sensitive to war influences as the magnetic needle to the pole. They can now, at this distance, see trouble ahead for the United States. They are certain we will be drawn into the vortex of war, as it were. They see these things, we presume, on the principle that everybody sees what he wants to see. Some see good, some evil and some fun in everything, and some see war. But it makes quite a difference to the soldier whether it is peace or war. If it is peace he is a loafer, an incumbrance, if it is war he is a hero.

JOHN HENRY ZUVER: In yesterday's edition you refer to David Har- am; do you mean King David's harp, or do you mean Dave Harum, the old horse trader?

WHY not publish a war map with pimples to indicate the sore spots?

IT takes a linguist to run a newspaper in these piping times of war. He must be ready to skip with grace and ease from the babble of the Latin to the gutturals of the Goth.

The Sanitary Fountain. (Dedicator Democrat.)

Yes, we have heard of something like this before. We have heard of women giving their dogs drinks out of the tin cup hanging at the old town pump on the court house square; we have even heard of human dogs taking out their false teeth and rinsing them in the public cup at the same town pump in Decatur. So we are not surprised to hear that some have been watering their dogs from the new "sanitary" drinking fountains.

From Amsterdam To Rotterdam Is eighteen miles or more; And that is where The Dutchmen are. Gotterdamering the war.

C. N. F.

ing man who does these books for him has a dual personality to the extent of writing the "Old Sleuth" stories. (Copyright, 1914, by Fred C. Kelly.)

SUMMER COUGHS ARE DANGEROUS.

Summer colds are dangerous. They indicate low vitality and often lead to serious Throat and Lung Troubles, including Consumption. Dr. King's New Discovery will relieve the cough or cold promptly and prevent complications. It is soothing, and antiseptic, and makes you feel better at once. To delay is dangerous—get a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery at once. Money back if not satisfied. 50c and \$1.00 bottles at your Druggist.—Adv.

SPRINGBROOK PARK BABY SHOW AND DECORATED BABY CARRIAGES, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 26.

The annual baby show and decorated baby carriage parade will be held Wednesday, Aug. 26th. The prizes this year are of unusual value. A 26-piece set of silver for the king or queen of babyland, a 24-piece set of silver for the next, a 12-piece set for the third and a 6-piece set for the fourth.

Fat baby class—First, a 24-piece set of silver; second, a 12-piece set of silver.

Twin baby class—A 12-piece set of silver for the first and a 6-piece set of silver for the second prize.

There will be first, second, third and fourth prizes in the decorated baby carriage parade.

Ten Gold Chains with Lockets for Decorated Doll Carriages and Ten Gold Chains with Lockets for Little Girls Carrying Their Dolls.

If you wish to enter your baby in the baby show, or if you wish to enter the decorated baby carriage parade, or if you are a little girl and wish to carry your doll or decorate your doll carriage, just drop a postal card to Manager Dailley, Springbrook park. There will be no blanks to fill out, just an ordinary penny stamped postal card will do.

Flat cars will traverse the city on the principal street car lines to pick up the baby and doll carriages free of charge on the day of the parade. The definite route and time will be printed later.

VOICES OF LITTLE WOMEN

She's on her way

WATCH

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Reminders From the Columns of The Daily Times.

Miss Josie Dresden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Dresden, died after a long illness, aged 19.

Walter Gish, Harry Badet, Charles Crockett and Walter Peck are camping at Indian lake, near Vicksburg. Real estate transfers for the month, \$61,969.

Misses Anna Listenberg, Maude Daugherty and Henrietta O'Brien entertained.

TOO MUCH.

"We won't discharge you, Mr. Perkins," said the manager. "We shall allow you to tender your resignation." "Tendering it won't make it any the less tough," gloomily returned the man who was laid off.



"Soy Bean, our village cut-up, has been noticed lately studyin' a map of th' Amazon. It's suspected he has an ambition ter become a Brazil nut."

IMPOSSIBLE. "I was outspoken in my sentiments at the club this afternoon," said Mrs. Garrulous to her husband. With a look of astonishment he replied: "I can't believe it, my dear! Who outspoke you?" — National Monthly.

For Rent or Sale

many houses not wired, and few that are wired. Houses wired are much easier sold or rented than those not wired. People of today are demanding modern convenience which can not be had with a house not wired for Electric Service.

What class is your house in?

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is brewed and bottled in one of the most up-to-date breweries and bottleries in the world.

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Servants to Lovers of Good Beer

Both Phones.